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WISCONSIN ACADEMY
OF
SCIENCES, ARTS, AND LETTERS

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA

DEPARTMENT OF
ARCHÆOLOGY AND PALEONTOLOGY

ADDRESSES

DELIVERED AT THE

Opening Ceremonies

OF THE

Exhibition of Objects Used in
Worship

BY

DR. WILLIAM PEPPER

REV. JOHN S. MACINTOSH, D. D., LL. D.

REV. MARCUS JASTROW, PH. D., and

CHARLEMAGNE TOWER, JR.

April 16th, 1892

PHILADELPHIA

PRINTED FOR THE UNIVERSITY

1892

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN



DR. PEPPER'S ADDRESS.

In this building are now gathered, in addition to the libraries of the University, a great and notable collection from all countries of objects of religious worship. What an army of witnesses encompasses us, testifying to the shifting and short-lived nature of human ambition and fame, but also assuring us of the unity of the race, and of the undying force of the aspirations and affections which are guiding it painfully upwards and onwards through the stages of its evolution.

The interest of this loan collection is great and varied. It has lessons for the student of religions, of ethnology, and of history. It impresses us as an illustration of what may be accomplished by the enthusiastic effort of one man inspired with a large conception, for both the idea and the success of this unique exhibition are due to Mr. Stewart Culin, the accomplished and energetic Curator of the Oriental Section of our Department of Archæology and Palæontology. Again it is to be regarded in connection with the other great collections which have been accumulated here with such striking rapidity, as a convincing proof of the wisdom of the Board of Trustees in intrusting liberal powers to the various Boards and Committees they have associated with themselves. When the possibility of developing a Department of Archæology at the University was first suggested it was received with so much doubt that the original form of organization reserved all power of action in the hands of the Trustees. A feeling of cordial confidence was rapidly created, and under the present rule the administration of the Department is vested in the hands of a Board of thirty, of whom only five are

appointed by the Trustees. The authority intrusted to this Board is very large, but already sufficient evidence exists to show that it will be exerted in a conservative spirit.

The power of co-operation such as is thus secured is beyond measurement. The influence for good spreads far beyond the limits of the University and affects the entire community. It is of minor importance, and yet it should be clearly stated here that in all the work of developing the Department of Archæology not one dollar of money has been contributed from University funds. All has been the work of willing volunteers, and each branch of the Museum has vied with the others in the vigor of its administration and the rate of its progress. The attractive power of such organization and work may be judged by the list of men and women composing the Board of Managers, and by the fact that so busy a man as Mr. Charlemagne Tower has been willing to assume the arduous and responsible appointment as President of the Department.

It would be impossible to pass over in silence the great services which have been rendered by the Curators of the four distinct branches of the Museum. To one unfamiliar with the actual conduct of a great museum the term Curator will convey no adequate notion of the duties attached to that office. But a careful examination of the collections in this building will soon show that in addition to devoted zeal in the acquisition of objects and scrupulous care in the preservation of the collections, there is needed scholarship and expert knowledge of the highest rank in each section.

All who visit our Museum will readily recognize that the time has come when a separate building must be erected for the accommodation and proper display of the numerous collections. This admirable fire-proof building in which it is temporarily deposited is needed for the exclusive use of the large and rapidly growing libraries of the University, with the seminaries for advanced instruction that can be efficiently conducted only in connection

with special collections of books. I would strongly urge upon the attention of the Board of Managers and of the public the urgent importance of this enterprise. It will not only enable us to arrange the great collections already under our charge, but will insure the rapid acquisition of such treasures as will render the University Museum one of the great centres for students from all quarters and one of the most attractive features in our city.

I will not venture to detain you longer in dwelling on this attractive subject, but will at once introduce to you one whose learning and eloquence, combined with his zealous labors in the promotion of broad University work, makes any introduction to an American audience needless —the Rev. John S. MacIntosh.

DR. MACINTOSH'S ADDRESS.

MUSINGS IN THE PANTHEON OF THE EAST.

On the "Red Hills of the Moors" I rested one balmy October afternoon; below murmured the Darra-darra; yonder confronted me the burrows of the gypsies; Granada stretched out in her dreamy beauty; the romantic garden of the Generalife wafted up its fragrance; the ruins of the Alhambra lay at my feet; my eyes wandered off to that historic gap in the hills, whence floated back "the last sigh of the Moor," and the distance was filled with the silvery heights of the snowy Sierra. As I looked, the centuries marched backward across those historic plains, and away from them, till I stood with Tharyk, the Saracen avenger, on the Afric shore; thence the reflux tide carried me to Mahomet's cave, and the birth-hours of Islam; behind rose the Hebrews, and the Pharaohs, and the long lines of the Egyptian priests, and the fire-worshipers of Persia, and the musing sages of Indra; and closing the gap stood the

Aryan sires, bowing before the great powers of earth and sky.

Then I woke, thinking, "I am but an infant amid these hoary-headed sages of the past;" and I recalled an hour when, leaping from the yacht's bow for a free sea-bath, I swam with young arm and bold stroke far out into the deep, then resting, looked around, and what was I—only a human chip on the great Atlantic tide.

And so must the thoughtful Western student feel, as he seats himself in the packed Pantheon of the hoary East, and sweeps his wondering eyes over the gods many and lords many which his religious fellows found or fashioned when time was fresh, and earth was young. As you look up into the calm face of the meditative Sphynx, or stand in Pompeii, where broken-hearted Isis wore her queenly veil, you seem to catch spirit-voices, humbling your haughty, bustling assurance—"Child of the callow West, what art thou to us?" As these deep tones of dignified age challenge our approach, we may answer either with contemptuous self-conceit, "I am your mocker and your master," or, with considerate humility, "I am a man and a brother!"

So into this packed Pantheon you may come, as the iconoclast, like the blatant, pitiless Caliph Omar, at Alexandria, to smite and burn ruthlessly; or you may stride, as the automatic anatomist, to cut, and search, and probe with heartless curiosity, if haply you may chance on some morbid growths for your pathological museum, where things called "souls" are of value only as specimens to be kept in the strong waters of your speculative investigation; or you may trip in mincingly to pick up some new religious "fad," whereon to exercise feebly your fickle faith, and exhibit to your clique your shallow sciolism; or, as befits some hallowed scene and honorable seeker of the past, with thoughtful eye, and reverent gaze, and honest heart, you may walk, musing and moved, beholding, and

with reverent courtesy, your brothers and sisters bowed in worship before these forms uncouth or beautiful, but all the while groping after that Supreme Power who is the deathless quest of instinctive faith; sympathetically you may yearn over these stumbling steps and these sad souls, and, in a tender pity, long to teach them with yourself to say, "Our Father, who art in Heaven."

So have I felt, as time and again I have walked and studied in those great collections of ethnic faiths gathered in London, and Paris, and Berlin, and as I have heard the prelections of old Von Spiegel, at Erlangen. This is the spirit of manly generosity, and of Christian investigation: "*Homo sum et nihil humanum a me alienum puto.*" That was the very spirit of the great Apostle on Mars' Hill, that kingly soul of faith and fellowship, true man, truer sage, that Christlike Christian, whose noble heart was moved by the world's groping after God, and by the Athenians' unreserved surrender of their beloved and peerless city to their crowded but cherished deities; for is not this unceasing, this race-wide devotion to something above, and over, and other than self, proof of man's irrepressible demand for the Godhead—the imperious desire of the child for fatherhood and brotherhood?

It is the spirit of fair play. We send our travelers and our teachers, with our faiths, and our books, and our rituals; we thrust our aggressive apologies and our Western doctrines on the stranger-folks of the East; we demand that they shall hearken to us, shall re-examine their established views of centuries, and readjust their hoary faiths and family systems; and shall we, in turn, refuse even to hear and honestly weigh what they can best say in defense of their fathers and their faiths? I trow not.

Especially when our own missionaries gather, send back, and commend to our careful study the religions and the rituals of the people of the East and the Pacific isles, that we at home may have more intelligent conceptions of the

problems to be solved and the tasks to be done ere the monotheistic faith, which we hold as our most precious heirloom, can be gladly welcomed by the older folks of earth, whose every common act is linked with some hoary faith or hallowed form.

This spirit of calm and courteous study is the spirit of highest Christian heroism. The soldier souls, whose impenetrable mail is made of hard-won and settled convictions, are the very first and the very freest to grant the largest meed of praise to their sturdiest heathen foes. Those first crusaders of the Gospel, who bore the Cross within their brave and loving hearts—Clement, of Alexandria, and Justin Martyr, Basil and Gregory, Jerome and Origen, Patrick lifting as a sacred sign the symbolic shamrock, the dauntless pioneers of Iona, the heroic heralds of the Christ among the German hordes—all, all show us that the educated spirits of fully-assured faith are ever the readiest and gladdest to own the faintest lineaments of the divine image of our Creator-Father, in the most brutalized of men, and to catch the far-off echoes of the one Great Spirit's voice in the very discords of earth's battling priesthoods.

It is the spirit of Christlike humanity. He was far from perfect, that amiable young man in the gospels, when he said "all these things have I kept from my youth up," but the generous Master owned the good that was there, and welcomed it with a smile to his heart. And it was in that very spirit of his Lord that the saintly Beveridge resolved to know all the ethnic faiths could say for themselves; and in that spirit that Hardwick and Trench and Ellinwood have written their suggestive books. At Gougane Barra, on the west coast of Ireland, I have stood and watched a strange worship, blending oddly elements of American, Indian, and African rituals with Christian words and Christian faiths; and I have only felt my heart moved in kindly sympathy and pity; 'twas a childlike

faith 'tis true, and somewhat fetish, but it was the climb of souls up to God and was to be revered by me, for I would ever remember what Max Mueller truly says, "every creed is sacred to those who hold it."

And this and this alone is the spirit that will win large intellectual gains, and mature a sturdy and beautiful moral strength. This Pantheon is to be a great school of the past and for the present. That, as I take it, is the meaning and the aim of the far-sighted Provost and the liberal friends working for, contributing to, and opening this stirring hall to us. Their wish and aim is that it shall be a hall of learning, both hoary and hallowed. And I rejoice this afternoon that our city has now a collection of religious objects such as this broad land cannot show, and that my church has been enabled to lend in some measure a helping hand to this work.

Great gains I say may be won by thoughtful and reverent study within this Pantheon, which I hope is only in its infancy, which I trust will be fostered by wise Philadelphians, and developed till it become the teeming Mecca for all searchers into ethnic faiths, their customs, ceremonies, and common features.

What a potent witness this hall is to man's *religious* nature. More than "the sky-facing animal," more than "the laughing animal with articulate speech," more than "the reasoning," yes more even than the "political animal," is man the RELIGIOUS ANIMAL. Few questions more interesting and instructive, few more richly fraught with far-reaching scientific and moral results than the question, Is religion an instinct or an imposition? Is it the native and necessary outgrowth of the being, or is it the crafty yoke of early priesthood hardened by habit and handed down by heredity? Are its roots deepest fixed in the finest tissues of humanity, and deathless in the hidden keep of life? Is it essential or evolutionary? Is there everywhere a human hand, often indeed swung helplessly

like a fresh-born babe's, but somehow groping after God if haply it may find Him ! Ah, great question, indeed, and how shall we answer it ? Not by dogmatizing, but by search and largest inductions. And the oftener you walk here and the more you crowd these Pantheon shrines with the deities of diverse races and tribes, the closer you study and the more sharply you interrogate, the clearer will it grow that in some form of faith the DIVINE is an instinct, a necessity of man as man—yes, the innermost nerve of the thinking soul and of consciously responsible man ; and the world will grow into a vast temple where universal man is at once priest and worshiper. The historical and anthropological proof is the union and crown of the proofs for the reasonableness, necessity, and divinity of religion and faith. Here indeed you will find contrasting devotees, and altars, strange and many, ranged against one another ; but what a religious world it is where God cannot be hid ! The stately Druid and the vanishing Red man of our own shores ; the wolfish Norseman and the gentle Andaman ; here the supple Hindoo, yonder the Hottentot with his fetish ; on this side the Alaskan with his totem, and on that the musing sage of the Ganges with his metaphysics ; then the cannibal from the South Seas, and the Vegetarian from the Nile and the Corean with his rice. But worship everywhere, whatever it is, and whatever it means, and whatever it springs from—that stubborn, universal fact of worship—what is its spring ? The assigned cause must cover all the facts.

Again, what a panorama of human life and what a projection of the human spirit you have in this Pantheon. And after all what so thrillingly interesting to man as man, especially in his deeper moods. Three great revelations are thrust upon us—the individual who is always photographed in his worship, his society and surroundings, for these often give you the customs out of which rituals have been born, and the original conceptions of deity which

somehow seem to shadow forth one universal thought—One Supreme Force. Here Egypt meets you—Egypt, mystic mistress of natural religion, with her outer temple-court for polytheism and her inner shrine of monotheism ; Egypt, grave mother of wisdom and worship all-stately and suggestive, and she will lead us to her halls of history found in imperishable tombs, where from mummy scrolls, sacred to Taït, we shall read of Death, the handmaid of Life, of the winged soul floating out under the guardian eyes of Horus into an endless future to receive recompense of honor or dishonor ; Egypt will speak to you of Ptah, the cosmic god uncreated and ever-beginning, whom Memphis hymned ; of Ra, the sunny deity of Heliopolis ; and Shu, the father of air and light ; and Amon, whom Thebes adored ; of Osiris, who is Life in Death and god of the under-world ; of his son, the jackal-headed Anubis ; of Isis, the beloved Nature-goddess ; of Horus, the Avenger ; of Nekheb with her vulture, and Bast of the lioness' head. And then she will teach you the hidden lore of her sacred animals, of life defying death, of future retribution for the forty-two mortal sins, of transmigration and happy apotheosis, and added to all this sacred lore you will find on amulets and seals, or scarabs and rings, on chests and tablets the marks of kings and queens and feasts and fasts, of births and burials, of work and wantonness.

As you bid adieu to Uræus the Asp, and Apis the Bull, and the Ape of Thoth, and the Heron of Benu, you will be greeted by Iran and by India ; and so leaving the leeks and the onions and the garlic and the melons of the Nile valley you will pass to the scorching plains of Calcutta and in turn climb the snowy sides of the Himalayas, where the supple Hindoo and the soldierly Sikh will crowd you round with sacred forms and objects that will trace for you the long lines of Aryan faiths from the cradle of our own blood-folk in the Asian or Russian uplands down and still down through the successional centuries of simple nature-worship

and monotheism ; of Vedism with its high-sounding and wonderful hymns ; of the Brahmanal ritualism with its haughty and despotic priesthood, its castes and flowing sacrificial blood ; of Manu's code ; of Gautama's revolt and rebirth beneath the Bo-tree ; of cunning and supple Hinduism with its incarnations of Vishnu, with its elevation of Rama and Krishna, with its crafty absorption of Drave and Kohl and Santal superstitions and folk-lore, and with its longing for the tenth Avatar. What a marvelous history it is of Indian religiousness ; but here are the finger-posts on this march of Indo-Aryan worship, whose stages are centuries, for gathered into this Pantheon and waiting your study are Vishnu and Lakshmi and the other avatars of Vishnu, Sita, the wife of Rama, and Krishna and Buddha with his sacred Lotus, and Hanumant, son of Parvana, and Surya in the chariot of the eight steeds. But leaving Buddhism and Jainism calling to us of Nirvana and of the eleven "Angas," you hurry onward and step into practical China with its Atavism, and its Animism, with its proud days of Yao and Shin, with the utilitarianism of Confucius and the metaphysics of Laotze, with its original faiths of Shang-ti and the high Tien and its later and lower religious ideas. Now in this Chinese section you will find materials for the search into Confucianism and Taoism and modified Buddhism, while ancestral worship and daily life will speak to you from countless objects of singular interest and rich suggestiveness.

Thus if with scholar's humble heart, with a brother's sympathetic spirit, and with the noble, calm, assured faith of a God-fearing worshiper you walk these human and divine pathways, what a community of thought you will find marking man as man, sin with its stain and guilt calling for water and blood, the certain looking for of judgment, the hope of pardon, and the longing for union with deity ; what a community of ritual in altars and priests and cleansing floods and purgatorial fires and beads of de-

votion and rosaries and praying wheels ; what a community of human struggling upward from the seen and the felt and the finite into the unseen and the spiritual and the eternal, and what multiplying and greatening proofs that religion is the strongest force, the deepest thought, the most pervasive influence.

And what gentleness and kindness and broad charities toward these all similar souls of earth's one family will descend upon you, a true pity of very motherhood. Have you never looked with melting eye and moved heart on the tired little babe stumbling up-stairs at nightfall seeking rest and calling for the arms and help of love, so to me they seem, my kindred dead and living, children—children tired of the things seen and felt, climbing up often with stumbling feet and oftener by a broken stairway but climbing up, up to the restful presence and the loving arms, to the Brother touched with a feeling of our infirmities and the Father of mercies and the home of light and life.

And borne to you and me stimulating and inspiring what mighty summons to nobler living, to purer thinking, to truer speaking, to kindlier helping, to juster working and holier serving of our Father-God from our cloudless sky of revelation as we step forth into our Christian day, as we are called out of all this bewildering darkness into His marvelous light, and as on this eve of the Easter-morn we hear afresh of the Life and Immortalily brought to light by the risen Lord !

Dr. Pepper said : It now gives me much pleasure to introduce to you one whose name is very familiar to us at this Museum, for to the already highly distinguished son of this yet more learned and illustrious scholar, we owe a great debt of acknowledgment for his devotion in the promotion of all our Library and Museum interests. I beg to present the Rabbi Jastrow.

DR. JASTROW'S ADDRESS.

RELIGION AND SUPERSTITION.

Religion and superstition run their course over the great arena of human history, not in parallel lines that never collide, until the goal is reached, nor on different roads leaving one another out of sight, and unconcerned of each other's doings. Their tracks intertwine and cross, and he who traces the course they have taken is often surprised to find truth where error was expected, and footprints of superstition on the very road which Religion has coursed.

Nay, more than this, these two sisters, apparently so unlike each other in temperament and character, Religion and Superstition, hold one another in close embrace ; we know not, is it the embrace of love or the grasp of struggle and fierce combat ?

So intimately do they intertwine their holds, so closely are their limbs interwoven, that he who undertakes to sever them must run the risk of wounding Truth while he aims to strike her sister. Indeed, who will draw the line ? Who will say where Religion, the divine daughter of the truth-inspired Mind, holds her absolute sway, seated on the golden throne of wisdom, crowned with the jeweled diadem of truth and holding in her hand the bright sceptre of purity—unstained, uncontaminated by impure touch, and where Superstition has put up her dark abode in cavernous recesses into which no ray of light has ever entered, and from which no noble impulse has ever issued forth.

One need not be a sceptic to ask that question, and to hesitate in answering it.

On the contrary, he who has come forth with firm and full conviction out of that struggle which only the thought-

less are spared, but which the thoughtful at all times have had to pass through, battling with doubt and error, each for himself alone, and each beginning the wrestling work anew ; only he who holds in his hand the self-won treasure of conviction can well afford to appreciate, because he only is able to recognize truth, even enwrapped in error ; he will see the precious fruit of Religion even through the rough and hideous shell of Superstition.

When you look at the, may be inartistic, statue of Kouan-Vin*, the Chinese god of charity, with twelve arms spread out in all directions, one hand holding out a crown to him who may deserve it, another hand having the shape of the far-sighted eagle's head, as though looking out where misery needs relief and trouble consolation, and when, in addition to emblems as eloquent as these, you find one hand even holding the sword of justice ; seeing all this and much more, will you still speak boastfully of Christian charity, or Jewish charity ? Will you not rather in nobler pride speak of human charity, nay, with still higher elevation, of Divine charity planted in the human breast of all zones ? Is it heresy to recognize this truth in the garb of superstition ?

Hear what a Jewish poet of the eleventh century says, in his philosophical song, *The Royal Crown* :

“ Thou art the Lord, and all beings are Thy servants,
Thy domain ;
And through those who serve idols vain
Thine honor is not detracted from,
For they all tend to Thee to come.
But they are as the blind,
Though seeking, the royal road could not find,
The one sank in destruction's well,
Another into a cavity fell,
And all thought they had reached what they sought,
Yet toiled for naught.”

* L de Milloné Petit guide Illustré au Musée Guimet (1890), p. 68.

And thus I may well ask, Who dares to sever the embrace in which these two sisters hold one another?

Yet here is that inexorable, but withal deeply sympathetic surgeon—Thought is his name, and heaven is his birth-place. See the probe of research in his hand, his eye is armed with the microscope of intuition, and having discovered the touching point between truth and error he takes the scalpel and dissects them.

A cry of pain goes through humanity; truth is bleeding, and the surgeon, though like a true healer, full of pity, yet continues his operation, and will continue it from generation to generation, until religion and superstition, truth and error, fact and myth are released of their mutual embrace.

This work, pursued at all times by the standard-bearers of thought in every generation, has, in our days of specialization and analytical methods, found its specialists—only a few in number as yet—in those who follow the sinuous traces of the foot of humanity on its highways and byways leading to God and Truth.

Few in number as yet are the universities which have endowed chairs for the history of religions. A preliminary undertaking has been inaugurated by which to interest American thought in this special work.

Collections of religious emblems, like the one we are about to open to-day, comprise the way-marks on the roads and byways which the human family has been taking, up to this day. As yet there exists in the world only one museum where these way-marks can be studied—the Musée Guimet in Paris. And our collection here is the first attempt of the kind in our country.

Let us be thankful to all those who have been active in bringing about this result, and I am sure I express your wishes and sentiments when congratulating and thanking especially that indefatigable Chinese student, Mr. Stewart Culin.

This *Alma Mater*, this homestead of thought, has re-

cently added many a new shrine to those of older foundations where thought may worship. Let us hope that it will soon be enabled to add another, in the shape of a chair for the history of religions.

Dr. Pepper then introduced the last speaker, Mr. Charlemagne Tower, Jr., the President of the Department of Archæology and Palæontology.

MR. TOWER'S ADDRESS.

MR. PROVOST, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN :

The triumph of the university of modern times is attained by its power to adapt itself to the needs of modern men, to the expansion of modern science, and to the development of modern ideas.

Learning is no longer confined to the possession of the exclusive few who formerly trod the beaten paths of university life, hoarding their store of knowledge in the silence of the cloister, disputing among themselves upon philosophy and law, admiring the beauties and striving to imitate the style of the writers of antiquity, or forgetting the world in meditation upon the teachings of Holy Scripture.

These things, indeed, have had their value in adding to the sum of human knowledge. They have preserved for us the accumulated traditions, experience, and wisdom of mankind, and they have produced here and there those brilliant examples of men whose intellects dominated the age in which they lived, to whom we, in our later era, still look with veneration, and whom we recognize as the masters of human thought.

The spirit of our day demands more than this: not an aristocracy of scholars, but an educated people. The light of science, illuminating the world, has opened broader fields of inquiry and wider ranges of investigation which call

forth the activity of men's minds. Men cannot now be divided into the ignorant and the learned, into those who think and those who are thought for. Our necessities summon the individual to think alone, to think for himself, because in our present civilization the individual is no longer an unknown quantity of an indefinite mass, but he has become an active, component part of a well-defined whole.

Never before, in the history of the world, has this been true to the same degree that it is true to-day, in view of the powerful forces that are carrying on the progress of society in arts and sciences, in politics and law, in economy and trade, in government, and in the international relations of peoples both at peace and in war. Never has the welfare of our own country depended more upon the enlightenment of its individual citizens; because, with national wealth and national greatness the questions of government necessarily grow more complex, and the burden of responsibility increases, not only for those in official authority, but for the constituents as well, whom they represent.

In this connection, I think, the university has become a factor in our national life second in influence to none, because to it are entrusted the application and development of the influences that are to train the minds and form the character of the men of to-morrow, who enter the field of labor in its various departments, in the ministry of the Gospel, in the practice of medicine, in law, in engineering, in journalism and literature, in scientific research, in commercial pursuits. It is upon the equipment obtained from the training of the schools that each relies for the success of his efforts of usefulness, and it is in furnishing to him this equipment that the university performs its best service to the world.

By equipment I do not mean knowledge of books alone. I should rather say that training which enables a man to use his mind as a mechanic uses his tools, first having

learned by experience how to handle them—that training which teaches him to think of his subject systematically and connectedly—to think it out to the end.

I believe that the entire community is more or less directly affected by the work of the university. The greater its expansion, therefore, and the broader its capacity for training, the more effective is its power for doing good. We all have a common interest in this, and I think we cannot too strongly appreciate the fact that every step taken in advance in the teaching of arts and sciences, every addition to the corps of instructors, the improvement of method and materials, the erection of buildings, the founding of libraries and laboratories—all these add to the general fund, in which we are more or less directly participants.

I include in this statement those of us who have not had the advantage of sitting within the university walls; because, although possibly we may not have come thus into direct contact with her teachings, yet they have reached us and are affecting us in other ways every day; they are about us like the atmosphere we live in, and though we are not conscious of it, perhaps, we draw substance from them. They affect us constantly in the thought and the example of professional men, and especially they are brought home to us by that greatest ally of the university—the press.

Journalism supplements the university. Thousands of intelligent and quick-sighted men, whose minds have been tempered and polished for this service in the workshops of the university are daily enlarging its teachings, developing and disseminating its influence by the press in every direction through the land, and scarcely a man or a woman can escape it.

America offers a magnificent scope for this alliance, which, it seems to me, must always be closely cemented by the affection which every man feels for the associations that

inspired his youth, and must be enduring by the community of purpose in educating men and directing public thought. Nothing could be better ; for the beneficent influences of the university act directly to enrich, embellish, and invigorate the press. A manly and intelligent press creates a patriotic and enlightened people.

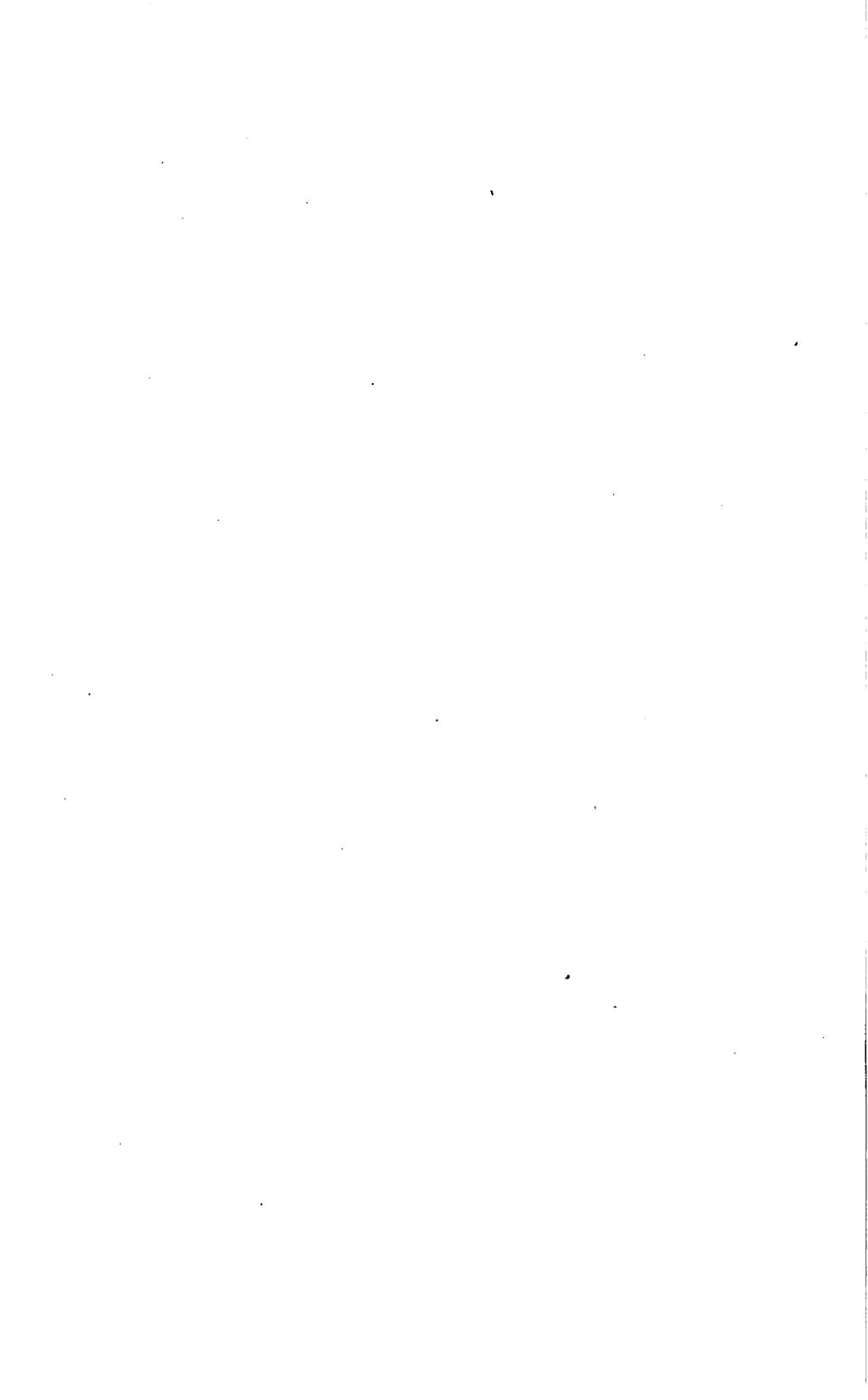
I deem it an honor to myself that I am permitted to be here with you to-day in the shadow of this venerable institution of which we are all so justly proud, to celebrate the enlargement of its field of usefulness by opening to the student and to the public an exhibition such as has never before been attempted in this country, I believe, and very rarely, indeed, in any part of the world, an exhibition of objects of worship collected from all parts of the earth, many of them having been sent home from distant regions by missionaries, illustrating the progress of man's idea of worship, from the remotest antiquity among civilized races and from the rudest forms of expression among later peoples emerging from barbarism. They have all been most carefully and scientifically catalogued, and they have been so arranged for their display that the student may follow each line of development in its proper sequence and that the visitor may derive most pleasure from the exhibition.

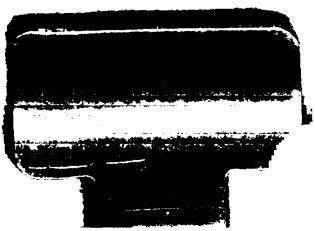
These objects have been collected and classified in the Department of Archæology of the University of Pennsylvania, and they are now preserved in its Museum. Archæology has been added within the last few years to the list of subjects, already a long one, in which the student may find here the opportunity he seeks to inform himself, and may obtain instruction to aid him in his research. The Museum is still young, but it is constantly making new acquisitions, and it possesses even now many specimens of rare beauty and of great archæological value in tracing the history of art, of architecture, of manufacture, and of civilization in general among the ancient peoples. Egypt

has contributed to us from her wealth of statues, ornaments, paintings, and of those wonderful hieroglyphic inscriptions which, after having stood silent for thousands of years, were made by Champollion to speak again, and are once more recounting their story of long-forgotten ceremonials and long-perished greatness; Babylon has sent its tablets and cylinders whose cuneiform inscriptions are also read to-day by Oriental scholars; ancient Greece is here, and Rome is here, represented in precious gems which illustrate the beauties of the glyptic art. Among the interesting examples of later times, from races now extinct or rapidly disappearing, we have the potteries of Mexico and Peru, and, certainly not the least in value in our own country, the prehistoric relics of the North American Indians.

This Department of Archaeology is but a single incident in the present development of the University of Pennsylvania. In many another direction it is advancing upon new ground and fortifying its position, as we well know and as we may readily observe by the visible results that are about us. Under a wise and liberal policy, the present administration seeks out for the institution opportunities to improve its condition and to extend its usefulness according to the exigencies of our time, and the success attained hitherto amply proves that it is taking and will hold that rank among the colleges to which it is properly entitled.

I believe that we have very much to expect from its future. In this great creative period of the University of Pennsylvania, its era of progress, in which old limitations have been abolished, the way is pointed out by which it may advance to new fields of usefulness with increasing honor, and with this I am sure the name of Doctor Pepper will be associated in the gratitude of many generations.





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